

# Santa Fe Weekly Gazette.

VOLUME II.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

NUMBER 22.

## Santa Fe Weekly Gazette.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY

WILLIAM DREW.

### TERMS.

WEEKLY—\$5 a year, payable invariably in advance; single copies 12 1/2 cents. Advertisements, \$1 50 per square of ten lines for the first insertion, and \$1 for every subsequent insertion.

[From the New York Independent.  
THE HAMBURG "ROUGH HOUSE".

BY OUR (LATE) PEDESTRIAN CORRESPONDENT.

At a time when there is so much new interest in institutions for the vagrants, it may not be without value to describe a visit paid by the writer two years ago, to a large vagrant school in Hamburg. The institution is managed on an entirely new and original principle, and as far as we know has no counterpart in Europe; we speak of the Hamburg *Rauhe Haus* (Rough House), established by Mr. Wichern in 1833.

An omnibus ride of three miles carried me to its neighborhood, and after a walk through a pleasant wooded lane, I found myself on the place. The whole looked as little like the usual home of vagrants as is possible. I saw no squads of boys walking demurely about, but looking as though they were in the habit of doing so; they could only let it out. There were no heavy looking overseers discoursing piously of the number whom Providence had committed to their charge—and thinking of their pockets. And there was not even the inevitable home for forsaken children—the huge stone building with one bare sunny courtyard. The ideas seemed to have been here that those who have no home of their own, as much as possible should be given of the home which God has prepared for all.

It was a large, open garden, full of trees and walks of flowers, and beds for vegetables, while on each side stretched away green corn fields. Among the trees there were some dozen plain, comfortable little wood-houses—like old-fashioned farm houses—scattered about, and one quiet, shaded chapel. The boys' visible outside, were cleaning the flower beds, or working in the harvest field; some were repairing fences and buildings.

I walked up to the largest of the houses, was directed pleasantly by a lad to Mr. Wichern's room, and soon preceded by him to examine the grounds. Before giving my observations, I cannot refrain from mentioning a little interlude which took place here, very characteristic of our times.

Among the visitors who arrived just before me was dear old Elihu Burritt, who was fresh from the Peace Congress, and was now passing through Hamburg with two associates, on his way to Denmark, to attempt to mediate between the Danes and the King.

While we were all waiting in Mr. Wichern's room a conversation commenced between Wichern and Burritt on the subject of these Peace efforts, which soon grew into a warm discussion. The one did not understand much German nor the other much English, yet there was such a natural eloquence in the two men, that with the aid of a few interpretations thrown in by myself, they argued as well as if in the same language. I never saw a better contrast—the fine, mild, winning, thoughtful face of the American, as he spoke of the all-subduing power of love, of the virtue that existeth in patience and forbearance, and meekness, to hush back the greatest violence; or pictured the time when havoc and war and hate should no more rage among men; and on the other side, the strong, marked, stern features of the German, denouncing in deep tones the oppression which was cursing Germany, and now soon to prostrate Holstein, and demanding how the injustice of the strong is to be met, but by the strong blow. I told Mr. Burritt when it was over, that it was all as good as a Peace Congress.

The name "Rough House" for this place began, as Mr. W. informs me, seventeen years ago, when he took a little broken-down farm-house here to try if he could not start on a new plan, a school for vagrant children. It was better called now—as some English traveler has already named it—the "Home among the flowers." The great peculiarity of the plan is the dividing of the children received, into families. In each of the little houses I visited, is a family group of some twelve children, managed by a young man (an overseer) with two assistants. The overseers are theological students, who have in some way imbibed the idea that two or three years' practical labor among the helpless and forsaken is quite as good a preparation for their duties as preaching to admiring audiences or laying up a complete system of antiquated dogmas. The assistants are young men—farmers or mechanics, of a religious turn, who intend to spend their lives in this kind of work. They are employed at first on the most common out-door labor; then are placed in the different workshops to learn, and afterwards to direct; next are admitted to a care of the boys within the houses, and are taught by the overseers the various needed branches of education, and finally take a share with the Principal, in the general supervision of the institution. After a four or six years' course here, they are sent abroad to preside or assist in similar institutions through Germany. They are mostly supported by voluntary contributions, or by their own labor. There are twenty-three here now. Mr. W. says that there is a great demand for them; and that they have been sent for even from Russia, for orphan asylums, houses of correction, ragged schools, and the like; and that we are now preaching among the emigrants in America.

The matter of principal interest, of course, was the situation of the children. The first house we entered was a little wooden building among the flowers and apple-trees. It was only one story, with the exception of an attic-chamber for the assistants. The first room was a long, clean one, where ten or twelve boys were sitting round a table, working at their slates under the inspection of their students. It appears that their time is divided off into so many hours for out-door work, so many for play and for study, and that this was the school-time. The lads were all clean, comfortable, and cheerfully busy. When a wretched little vagrant from the gutter is sent in here, he is not at once thrown into a mass of boys, to work himself out to ruin or to goodness as he best can; to be kicked and cuffed; to grab what he can get, and to either teach others or to learn from others, all the vile things which boys are certain to know. The little stranger is put with a few other new-comers, into a separate house (the novitiate house) where two or three young men have constant charge of him. He eats at their own table with his few comrades, and has enough. The overseers study his disposition, and set him either at a trade or at garden or farm-work, as he seems best fitted. He has his play, and playmates, and free, fresh air, and friends to care for him, who hold it a labor of love, to do for the fatherless one, in a feeble manner, as Christ did for them.

He must work hard, but there is variety, and it is healthy work. After a time he is introduced into one of the regular families, and there in simple quarters, under kind care, spends the five or six years. No wonder that it comes to be such a home to them all—and the apprentices, whom the *Rauhe Haus* has sent out so plentifully through Germany, are so glad to come back and work in the shops on the place.

Besides, in this house, the room I have mentioned, there were a sleeping-room, a room for the sick, a little kitchen, and two bed-rooms for the students—all plain, but extremely neat and comfortable.

After this, we went round to the various workshops—for shoe-making, tailoring, joinery, pattern-making, spinning, baking, &c.—in all these the boys working very handily. In addition, there were other buildings, where the boys, in company with workmen, who were busy at book-binding, printing, stereotyping, and wood and stone engraving. A few were employed out of doors, at the regular farm-work. There seemed to be one good sized building, where washing, ironing, and washing of dishes, and sewing work were done by the girls, for there must be some thirty or forty girls here. There is the same general arrangement for them as for the boys. They are usually taught all the branches of house-keeping, and are expected to enter service. The boys are generally apprenticed to masters. And it is said, from the number of affiliated schools started by the students of this, through Germany, and from its many friends, that no apprentices on their journeys, find a better reception than those from the *Rauhe Haus*. I was pleased to see, when we visited the chapel, that it had just been decorated by the boys, for some festival which they wished to celebrate.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature about the whole institution, to me, was the practical power displayed in it. It is so rare for a man, with the moral enthusiasm which would raise up the helpless and outcast from their degradation to have, at the same time, the business talent for such a scheme as this. Mr. Wichern has shown that he unites both. His first step, after establishing a few of the "family groups" and common workshops, was to set up printing presses, where the boys could strike off, under the direction of the master workman, the tracts and little books needed in the school, and the reports of the *Rauhe Haus*. They succeeded so well at this, that the works were enlarged, and now do a considerable business without, and go far towards supporting the other parts of the establishment. Many of the boys are apprenticed here, instead of being placed with masters.

In addition, a commercial agency (agent) has been formed to sell the various articles made by the boys. This is separate from the school, and its losses will not fall upon that. The profits are to be devoted to meeting the general expenses of the children. Connected with it are the lithograph and stereotype shops, the wood engraving and the book-binding. All these last have proved very successful, and the business done by the agency is already quite extensive. It is expected that with the printing and the agency, the institution, expensive as it is, will in a few years support itself. Of course, all this complicated mass of detail needs a clear head to manage it, and for this Mr. Wichern appears to be the man. This, however, is only a small part of his labors. He is a powerful speaker, and has a great faculty of influencing any one with whom he is thrown in contact. He has plead the cause of his Vagrant Home well through Germany, and has gained liberal aid, even from the princes. Of his labors for a wider object, I have already previously spoken in this journal. That I did not exaggerate when I said this institution has no its counterpart in other countries, must be apparent.

A "Home among the flowers," where the vagrant—the child-nourished amid filth and squalor—in the dark cellars of a great city; and should at length see something of God's beautiful world; where, among friends, in the midst of orchards and corn-fields, he could grow up, invigorated by healthful labor, to manhood, all this would seem more like the dream of a philanthropic French novelist, than the reality. But still farther, that this institution should have a system, almost "Ponzi-like," of "groups" and families, and yet be imbued with the simplest, truest spirit of Evangelical religion; that it should send out, not only skilled

apprentices saved from the prison and the almshouse, but educated young men to teach others, and to spread abroad the self-denying, Christian principles of the place, and most of all, that it should have existed seventeen years, and by its well-conducted industry, have almost supported itself, may fairly constitute it one of the wonders of benevolent effort. The friend of man, searching anxiously for what man has done for his suffering fellows, may look far in both continents before he finds an institution so benevolent, so practical, and so truly Christian as the "Hamburg Rough House."

C. L.

### New Postage Law.

A correct copy of this law is inserted on our third page. It makes no change on letter postage, but abolishes the complex, absurd system of postage on printed matter, and substitutes therefor simple and reduced rates. The principal points of interest to newspaper publishers and readers are the following:

1. A newspaper, periodical, unsealed circular, or other article of printed matter, not exceeding three ounces, in weight, sent to any part of the United States, is chargeable with one cent postage, or but half a cent, if the postage be paid in advance quarterly or yearly, at the office where it is delivered or mailed.

For every ounce exceeding three cents, one cent additional is charged.

Under the old system, the rates range from twenty cents a year to one dollar. A very few of the subscribers to the *Era* pay twenty cents; some, a little further off, forty cents; a greater majority, sixty cents; while subscribers living in California, New Mexico, Oregon and Utah, are charged one dollar. Under the new rates, the postage is equalized for all distances; so that our subscribers, if they pay in advance at the offices where they receive their papers, will be charged only twenty-six cents postage a year. Let them bear this in mind.

2. A newspaper or periodical not weighing over 1 1/2 ounces, pays only half the above-mentioned rates, when circulated within the State where it is published.

3. Small newspapers and periodicals printed monthly or oftener, and pamphlets not containing more than 16 pages octavo, each, when sent in single packages weighing at least 8 ounces, to one address, and pre-paid by appending postage stamps thereto, are charged only half a cent for each ounce, or fraction of an ounce, notwithstanding the postage, if calculated on each separate article of such package, would exceed the amount. Sixteen pamphlets, for example, each weighing half an ounce, which if charged separately, would cost sixteen cents postage, will cost but four cents, if enclosed in one package, and sent, prepaid, to one address. This provision looks to the cheap and easy dissemination of information among the People. In circulating the Documents, don't forget it.

The postage on all transient matter must be prepaid, or it will be charged double rates.

4. All printed matter chargeable by weight, shall be weighed when dry.

5. Publishers of papers may enclose to their subscribers bills and receipts free of postage, and publishers of weekly newspapers may send to each actual subscriber within the county, where their papers are printed and published, one copy free of postage.

6. Books, bound or unbound, not weighing over four pounds, are deemed mailable matter, and chargeable with postage at one cent an ounce for all distances, under three thousand miles, and two cents for all distances over three thousand miles, to which fifty per cent must be added in all cases where the postage is not prepaid.

7. This act is to take effect from and after the thirtieth of September, 1851.

We congratulate our readers on the passage of the act. It is a great step in the right direction. It reduces the tax on knowledge, and must promote the education of the masses. The yearly tax paid by our subscribers in the form of postage for the *Era*, has been \$12,000. The reduction under the new rates is about \$7,000. But the Department will lose nothing in the long run, for the measure will tend to multiply newspaper subscribers, and, consequently, postage-payers.

National Era.

FEARFUL PROGRESS.—The *Fredericksburgh* (Va.) *Herald* seems alarmed at the signs of progress in the slave population. It says that the slaves in the kitchen "teach their children to call their owner *mister* instead of *master*, and that instead of addressing them in the terms heretofore known as father and mother among the blacks, require their children to call them *pa* and *ma*!"

We clip the above from the *National Era*. The *Herald* man is awfully behind the times himself if he has not discovered before this, that father and mother are antiquated vulgarisms which belong to another age, when boys didn't get to be men till they were eighteen, and young ladies of a dozen summers, were not dreadfully alarmed lest they should die *old maids*. At present such obsolete terms are not admissible in polite circles! But only hear how a benighted "individual" away down in the Palmetto State, takes on about this little circumstance. The *Spartan*, of Spartansburgh S. C., in allusion to this "sign of the times," thus blows off:

"A Union of those who love and live by slavery, with those who hate and spurn it—yes, a Union of those who would fight for it, with those who would, and are now, fighting against it! To us it seems, that the Union, so far from being desirable, has now become unsafe, unprofitable, and dishonorable; and in the end, will prove fatal to the institution of slavery. We value slavery more than we do the Union; and in choosing a foe for our steel in the settlement of this question, we would prefer a Northern man to a negro. Viewing slavery, then, as we do,—the very essence of our moral, physical, and civil life—and looking upon the Union as the hateful instrument of its final overthrow, if not dissolved, we believe it would be the best interests of the South to dissolve their existing connexion with the North."

How logical! How apparent the connexion between the premiss and conclusion! Negro mothers teach their babies to "call their owners *mister* instead of *master*." Therefore: the Union is a "hateful instrument!" They teach them to say "*pa* and *ma*" instead of father and mother! *Ergo*: "it would be the best interests of the South," &c. Wont Whigs, Democrats, Free-Soilers and Natives, rush together in this new emergency! Will not Congress pass a law making it the "duty of all good citizens" to chastise all negro babies who may be heard saying "*pa*" or "*ma*," and will not the political conventions, of all parties, unite in declaring that they "discountenance" the use of these obnoxious terms, "whenever, wherever, and by" whatsoever negro baby they may be used? Really we live in perilous times!—*Ed. Gaz.*

☞ We never saw a baby yet, however smart at home, that did credit to itself in a public assembly.

☞ Mrs. Partington says her minister preached about the "parody of the probable son."

☞ DIALOGUE.—*Lothaire*.—Ah! dearest; for you, love, I'm dying! And at your feet I lie! *Anna*.—I see you're lying!

☞ Who was the first man that swindled the Greek Slave?

Hiram Powers. Came why—he chiselled her out of a block of marble.

From the Western Evangelist.  
MY COTTAGE HOME.

BY A. BROWN.

"I dreamed a dream the other night,  
When everything was still;  
I thought I saw my cottage white  
Upon yon flow'ry hill—  
The grass-plot green before the door,  
The porch with vines o'ergrown,  
Were lovely as they were before,  
When that home was my own.  
Oh! rumseller,  
That home, that home of thine,  
That pleasant home, that happy home;  
That cottage home was mine.

The gravelled walk, so white and strait,  
With flower banks on each side,  
That led down to the wicket gate,  
Where Willie used to ride,  
The locusts o'er the path that grew,  
The willow boughs that swayed,  
All told me with a tongue o'er true,  
That there my Mary played.  
Oh! rumseller,  
&c. &c. &c.

The silver lake so calm and clear,  
Along whose banks I've strayed  
So often with my Lucy dear,  
To watch the sun-light fade;  
The brook that purling sweetly ran  
The garden foot along,  
And murmur'ing fount as bright as then,  
Still sung the same loved song.  
Oh! rumseller,  
&c. &c. &c.

The window towards the garden gate,  
That looked out on the west,  
Where that loved being used to wait,  
Who made my home so blest,  
Was closed—the sombre curtains hung,  
And no loved face was there;  
Nor voice, the evening song that sang,  
Or breathed the morning prayer.  
Oh! rumseller,  
&c. &c. &c.

Silence hung round that happy home,  
Where once so light and free,  
My laughing children used to come  
And dance upon my knee;  
Where she, who was that home's dear light,  
In constant beauty shone,  
Around that cheerful hearth-stone bright,  
All now is still and lone.  
Oh! rumseller,  
&c. &c. &c.

Yes, that lov'd wife has gone to rest,  
In death her heart is bound;  
Her babes are sleeping on her breast,  
Beneath yon grassy mound;  
And I am wand'ring lone and strange'd,  
Nor master of my will,  
My home—my cottage home is chang'd  
To a hut behind the still.  
Oh! rumseller,  
That home, that home of thine,  
That pleasant home, that happy home,  
That cottage home was mine.

From the Christian Press.  
PERPETUAL LIGHT.

Mr. Payne may give up his scheme for making gas out of water, if the following story from our last English paper, is true:

"A most curious and interesting discovery has just been made at Laugres, France, which we have no doubt, will cause a searching scientific enquiry as to the material and properties of the perpetually burning lamps, said to have been in use by the ancients. Workmen were recently excavating for a foundation for a new building in a debris, evidently the remains of Gallo-Roman erection, when they came to the roof of an underground sort of a cave, which time had rendered almost of metallic hardness. An opening was, however, effected, when one of the workmen instantly exclaimed that there was light at the bottom of the cavern. The parties present entered, when they found a bronzed sepulchral lamp of remarkable workmanship, suspended from the roof by chains of the same metal. It was entirely filled with a combustible substance, which did not appear to have diminished, although the probability is that the combustion has been going on for ages. This discovery will we trust throw some light on a question which has caused so many disputes among learned antiquaries, although it is stated that one was discovered at Viterbo, in 1850, from which, however, no fresh information was obtained on the subject."

☞ Punch says, "the man who goes to church to chew tobacco and spit upon the floor, ought to be taken by the head and heels and scrubbed upon the soiled spot until it is made clean."

☞ A young gentleman of Detroit who has of late been much afflicted by palpitation of the heart, says he has found considerable relief by pressing another palpitating heart to his bosom.

☞ A man whom Dr. Johnson once reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said, in excuse, "you know, Doctor, that I must live." This brave old hater of everything mean and hateful, coolly replied, that "he did not see the least necessity of that."